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LITERARY COURSE



MARGUERITE GEDDES MORGAN SCHRODER

TWO YEAR COMMERCIAL COURSE



VAN PRINCE FRANK HELM

The Way of the Transgressor Is Not Hard.

It was midnight in the little town of Parlier. The air held a wonderful stillness. Only the owl hooted and the partridge moaned far away. Three high school boys crouched in the shadow of a weeping willow, and their voices were low and hushed. Such a night for conspiracy!

"The things is," said Horgan, "how shall we get rid of Sally?"

"We might lock him in his house," suggested Lee.

"I tell you what! fellows!" said Juster, our third hero, "Let us kidnap the man!"

This suggestion was met with a laugh, but it led on to discussion, and finally the boys grew enthusiastic over the idea of kidnapping Mr. Sally, and decided to do the stunt that very night, for tomorrow was the day for the big game, and there was no time to lose.

Our dear readers will need a little explanation here. Mr. Sally was the principal of the Parlier High School. The little man had always been very strict with his pupils. He was rigidly opposed to football games, having lost his only son in one of the Harvard games.

But the boys of Parlier High School had planned a game with the Laurel High School without Mr. Sally's knowledge. So the point under discussion on this particular Friday night was how to keep Sally from stopping the morrow's game. At last they really decided to kidnap the man. They planned to steal into his house, bind him, gag him, and carry him in Horgan's auto to the old deserted brewery five miles from town. Ah! such a night for conspiracy! Intrigues! Hist!

Now hold your breath, there they go—See! There goes Horgan's curly head into a basement window—his brown eyes peer around in the gloom. Three stealthy forms slip through that window. "Careful now, no noise," said Horgan as they climbed up the stairs. Horgan knew the way, for really this was not his first visit to the house of Mr. Sally. All I need to say is that Mr. Sally had a very pretty daughter, and that Horgan was a very scandalous "Queener." This daughter's name was Marguerite. But we must go on with our story.

The principal's door was open. Into his room crept the three heroes. Juster unwrapped the rope. Lee stuffed the gag into the mouth of the sweetly sleeping Sally. The man did some great kicking until Lee had tied his feet. Horgan then addressed Mr. Sally in a whisper, "We regret this proceeding very much Mr. Sally, but you are now in our power, and will have to leave town for a day or so."

Then Horgan dictated this letter to the professor, who wrote it by the feeble glow of Horgan's pocket lamp.

"Dear Marguerite: Important business makes it necessary for me to leave town tonight. I shall return Saturday night.

Affectionately, your father."

This letter was placed where it could be found in the morning and then the boys carried the man down in their arms. They did not forget

his clothes, although one shoe was left behind in the excitement. The boys blindfolded him before lifting him into the car. Away steamed the heroes with their spoil. "All is fair in love and war," said Horgan, "and this is both love and war."

They locked Mr. Sally in a damp dark cellar, nailed the door securely, and departed in the steamer, in silence as deep as the night was beautiful. "Carthago clenda est," said Horgan.

"Yes, it just had to be done," added Juster.

Then Horgan found that he had left his hat in the principal's bedroom. Such circumstantial evidence! Of course he had to go back after it. It was beginning to be daylight, too. So into the window crawled our hero once more, and stole up to the absent principal's room, got his hat, and started down the stairs. But in his hurry he stumbled, and fell head-long, knocking over a huge china flower pot which made a horrible racket. Before he realized what had happened, a door opened to his left and a figure in a white gown approached him. Of all the horrors! He recognized Marguerite in the morning twilight. She almost screamed when she saw him, but he quickly got up and showed her who he was.

"Why Horgan Loader! What are you doing here?"

"Well er- I- er- came in- why to get my- er- ah- hat a that is- er- left my hat here the last time I was here, so I er- rather needed it this morning, so as you see I came after it."

"Yes, so I perceive," said the sympathetic Marguerite. "But I can't see why it was so necessary for you to get your hat at this unheavenly hour, and besides to break up all the furniture."

Then she began to laugh, for Horgan did look killing amid the wreck of that flower pot. Horgan hardly knew what to do, but quickly decided to tell Marguerite the whole truth, for he knew that she was a "real game sport," and could keep a good secret. He also knew that she did not agree with her father in his football sentiments. In his winning way, he told her the story of the whole night's work. In ten minutes she knew everything. At times during the recital she smiled, at times she frowned, and she finally burst into tears.

"Horgan Loader," she said in sepulchral tones, "you were right in wanting the game today. My father was wrong. I admit this. I love a good joke, too. But this affair has gone too far. I thought you were a gentleman, at least not a sneak. Horgan Loader I am no tattle-tale. I shall never tell a soul how you fellows have outraged my poor father. But you may consider our acquaintance at an end. Here is your pin Mr. Loader, and here is the little locket containing your picture."

Horgan departed. The sun was just rising as his eyes closed in fitful slumber. At noon he was awakened, and at two o'clock, was on the field with the others ready to battle with the team of the Laurel High School. The game was soon on in full blast. Everybody knows what a football game is, so I shall not describe the terrible excitement; how the heroes struggled; how the girls in the grand stand scratched, and bit, and tore each other's hair in jealousy; how one Horgan Loader covered himself with glory by practically winning the game for Parlier. He seemed

to be filled with a superhuman strength. Nothing phased him. He never once looked at the crowded grandstand where sat one pale sorrowful maiden, with no locket or pin adorning her bosom. But even this pale sad lily joined in the great cheer that arose when Horgan won the game.

That night the principal was freed. I think he enjoyed the long walk home, with his one shoe, for Mr. Sally had once written a book entitled, "The Value of Outdoor Exercise."

On Monday, the principal was ill and not able to attend school. A doctor was summoned and pronounced his ailment a very serious case of pneumonia.

Meantime our three heroes were very badly scared.

"And now what?" articulated Horgan between chattering teeth.

"Yes—now what?" moaned Juster.

"We must run away!" whispered the arch-hero Lee.

"Run away be darned!" shouted Horgan.

"I'm going to make a clean breast of the whole rotten business to Mr. Sally."

After deliberation they all decided to do this. So three wretched boys soon found themselves again in the room of Mr. Sally. He smiled upon them, for their visit was a pleasing surprise to him.

Horgan made the confession. It was so full of real repentance that soon there was not a dry eye in the room. Even Mr. Sally had to weep a little.

"My boys," said the principal, "you have been guilty of a great crime. Had you come to me, and asked if you could have the game, I should not have interfered. In fact I knew all the time about your clandestine plans, and had decided not to prevent their execution. We shall let the matter drop, because you have suffered enough and for this offense I excuse you, and I forgive you."

Amid many handshakes, smiles and tears the heroes departed.

A few days later Mr. Sally was again at his desk, entirely recovered from a severe cold. A week later the pale sorrowful maiden was again rosy and gay, and—let me whisper—she wore a pin and a little locket while a very happy hero was driving her around in his big steamer.

EARLE GREEN.



A Diablo Sunset

Across the dark'ning hills I look, away
To where the mystic mountain holds her sway —
The space between is filled with golden plains
From which the farmer harvests ripened grains:
Beyond the magic mountain drops the sun,
And in his setting, tells, "The day is done."
The fleecy clouds which pile against the sky
Take on a glorious radiance and high.
'Tis God who spreadeth there with hand so bold
The pigments bright — the Cardinal and Gold!

J. K. D., '13.

For the Sake of Skimp

(With Apologies—A True Story)

Early one beautiful morning in the spring of 1915 a ship loaded with young men and women left the port of San Francisco. It was a long, long time ago, but my memory of the event is as fresh as tho it had all happened yesterday. We were comrades, all of us, and as it happened, alumni of the same school. We sailed bravely out into the broad Pacific To make a tour of the world was our object.

Our brave Captain Dyche paced the deck in his broad trousers and fancy stockings, giving short orders here, and hasty advice there. Under his auspices a dance and card party was to be given the first night out. Like the rest of us, he had become weary of the slow existence in Brentwood, and his chief aim in life was to return some day to the little town and win the heart and hand of some fair lady.

Under the able leadership of Captain Dyche we sailed on and on day after day. It was all one glorious dissipation of joy. There was only one event of an unpleasant nature, and that happened during our sojourn in Honolulu. Frank Helm insisted on holding a Civics class in the state room, in order to review the Territorial Government of Hawaii. But sad to say, during one of the recitals a bucket of ice water was mysteriously thrown over his head. This ended all future efforts of an educational nature.

We were several days out from Honolulu on the path to Japan. The sea was as calm as glass. Soft music was emitted from the cabin where the captain's sister was playing the "Cubanola Glide." Ray Goodwin's beautiful soprano was wafted out over the waters by a light breeze. Elaine Wallace was reading a sermon in her state room, the text being, "Evils of Flirtation." Jessie Johnson was poring over a book of Economics, a study which she dearly loved. Poor girl, her ambition was to be Mayor of Brentwood, and little did she dream at that moment of her untimely demise.

There was no premonition of tragedy in the air. The ship sailed peaceably on. But suddenly, one of those terrible storms of the South Sea arose. It advanced like the tiger and clutched us with its claws. The ship rocked like a nightmare of earthquakes. Women screamed, and men looked at each other in fear. I can't describe the horror of that night. The masts of the ship were torn away. The smoke stack fell over to one side, and toward morning, all faces went white, and all eyes started almost out of their sockets at the horrid cry of "Fire! Fire! The engine room is on fire. To the boats!"

The boats were lowered amid hoarse shouts and shrill screams. We all reached the boats in safety, although Van Prince fainted dead away as soon as the danger was over. Olive Siple and Harry Hobbs were very cool headed and owing to their efforts a good supply of bread, meat, other foods, water and even blankets were collected into the boats. The storm

had already abated, so we had not much trouble in navigating our crafts.

During the following day we were all hopeful, and expected to be picked up by some passing ship before night. But we were disappointed. Alas! we drifted for three days and three nights! The food began to fail. Olive and Hobbs had eaten the greater share of it, and had drunk nearly all the water.

Two more days of horror. Starvation and thirst stared us all in the face. Men and women grinned hysterically at each other. Henry Plumley jumped over board to commit suicide, but the water was cold, and he yelled loudly for help. We rescued him and he thanked us for saving his life.

On the sixth day we sighted land, and soon drifted in to a calm harbor with a sandy shore. All were nearly crazed with delight. Men waltzed around with arms about each other. Eva Davis climbed a tree and laughed aloud. Susie Dickinson and Harold Collis had just walked up the shore a way when we all heard a shrill scream from Collis. We found that he had stumbled over a human skull! After an investigation other human bones were found, and other skulls. Finally, it dawned upon us that we were in a land of cannibals. Our emotions were various. Some of the girls were so frightened that they hid their heads in the sand, thus thinking themselves hidden from view. Miss Twombly lost no time in examining the skull and she soon announced that the owner of that skull had never been vaccinated.

It is not necessary for me to describe our various emotions after the first discovery. You who have ever found yourselves lost on a cannibal island will know just exactly how we all felt.

Suffice it to say, we were not bothered by cannibals that night. Early the next morning we were notified that after breakfast Mr. Vivian would discourse on the political situation in the Cannibal Islands, and that Mrs. McIntyre would lecture on the "Welfare of the Cannibal Youth." But sad to relate these plans were never fulfilled.

Minnie Sheddick was the first to perceive a spectacle that blanched all our faces with horror. Not half a mile distant we saw a great green horde coming toward us. As it drew nigh we perceived that it was an army of half naked savages—as green as emerald. We stood in fear. Dyche gave instructions not to fight, for there were a thousand of the monsters approaching. As they approached the air became green because of their greenness. We noted with astonishment that their complexions were green, their arms, hands, and legs were green; their hair was green, and their eyes were green! Miss Quirk took out her sketch book, and invited Richard Wallace to assist her in a water color sketch, but alas! the green paint was all gone.

They surrounded us, that motley throng, and their chief, a huge green fellow, looked at me in a hungry way. He stepped up and squeezed Mary Parenti's cheek, and grunted with satisfaction. There were mutterings among the savages, and then we were all picked up bodily and carried away to their city. Due to some charm about me, I had already won the approval of the chief, who took me to his own palace. I was treated with great respect by him, and that night was left unguarded in a small room.

Now the chief had a very beautiful daughter, who had the same green complexion. Her name was Hippo, and she took a great fancy to me. Her soft green eyes were on me all day.

That night as I sat alone, thinking of our plight, a light hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up I saw the green princess standing before me, clothed in a purple robe glistening with jewels. She sat down near me and began to weep. This lasted nearly an hour. Losing patience at last, I rose and thundered, "Woman! what do you want?" At this she arose also, and throwing her arms around my neck, wept as tho her heart would break. This made me feel uneasy, to have a maiden's arms around my neck, for I had always been a woman hater, but she was beautiful and I was young and inexperienced, so I let her keep them there. Then she kissed me, and I stood there. She kissed me once more, and departed as quietly as she had come.

Next morning at sunrise I was led to a place where a great throng of green men and women were gathered around a roaring fire. Near the fire were most of my companions. Suddenly the throng began to yell, and three muscular savages seized upon John Parachini as their first victim. Oh the horror! He was hurled screaming into a huge dish resembling a frying pan, and the lid was placed over him. Then boiling water was poured over him thru a funnel. After him Eugene McCarty was seized; and never before in my life had I seen such a look of horror on the face of mortal man. Mary Parenti was then sacrificed. Oh the sadness of it all! Myra Pearce was the next victim. She bit and scratched and tore, but to no avail, and into the frying pan she also went. Stanley Cabral was next on the menu. He was very stubborn at first, and made horrible faces at the chief, but he also went in. After that Captain Dyche. He was game to the last. After smashing a savage's green nose, he quieted down, and started to gasp a message home, but here he was seized and heard no more.

When these were well cooked they selected me, but the Princess Hippo ran up and interfered. I know not what she said, but at any rate I was taken back to the palace and left in charge of a savage, who on a sudden dropped dead with an arrow in his throat. I turned and beheld the green princess beckoning to me. I followed. She led me to the shore and ordered me into a large canoe, well supplied with food and water. Mile after mile we went, silently like the barge of King Arthur. Hippo kept her eyes ardently glued upon me, and I felt that she loved me.

In the course of three days we sighted land again, and she rowed me into a little harbor. We go out of the boat, and she picked me up on her shoulder, and carried me far up into the mountains. After three hours we approached a small village, and she conducted me to one of the cottages owned by a cannibal named Skimp. He was a huge beautiful fellow, and he seemed overjoyed to see the princess. They talked together for a few minutes, and then he came and looked me over, felt of my arms, legs and neck, then gave a grunt of approval. Two servants were summoned, who carried me out into the back yard. A fire was built, and oh! horrors of horrors! there was the dreadful frying pan. My thoughts were fearful indeed when the cannibal Skimp came up, and

gave the sign for getting hot water ready. Then the vile plot was revealed to me. The princess had not really saved my life for love of me, but she had brought me to her lover as a very choice morsel. Oh ye gods! ye gods! I had to endure all this. My mind became confused, and green savages danced before my eyes in a blur. A cannibal's finger snapped and fell to the ground with a crash like thunder, and as sure as my name is Lee Brendt, I thought I was dead. But soon there sounded an awful ringing of bells, and I heard the well known voice of my father saying, "Come, get up, Lee! Time for school! Come, Come! Get that cow milked!" And then I awoke, only to find that the cannibal's finger which I had picked up was a fountain pen in the hand of a dreamer.

—ANON.



EDITORIALS.

YE LIBERTY

VOL 7

BRENTWOOD, CALIF., MAY 1911

No 1

We the editors of the annual of the Liberty Union High School have great pleasure in presenting to the public the results of our labor, hoping that our efforts will meet with popular approval. We wish to thank all those who have so nobly contributed to the success of the Annual. We desire also to extend our thanks to the patrons and friends of the Liberty Union High School who have by their generous support and encouragement done so much for our school.

We must not forget the Board of Trustees. The success of the High School depends largely upon them, we feel that we are especially favored in possessing Trustees who give their valuable time ungrudgingly and without any remuneration to the affairs of the school. We feel grateful to them for the interest they take in our welfare. They have done everything possible to make the school a success. They have provided us with a splendid court suitable for tennis and basketball. When our treasury was almost depleted they assisted us financially. We understand that during the coming year we are to receive instructions in dressmaking. Already a course in drawing has been introduced. The girls will be taught to make tasteful designs and then to execute them on cloth.

For all these advantages we are grateful to the trustees.

Dr. Thomas paid our school a visit this year and after careful examination expressed himself as much pleased with the rapid progress we had made. Liberty remains on the accredited list.

In conclusion we would urge on the student body the necessity of cooperation with trustees and faculty if our school is to be a decided success. Liberty, needs more school spirit—the spirit that leads a student to sacrifice something for the school. Debating, baseball, tennis and track offer plenty of opportunities to each and every student. In all of these Liberty can excel if the proper school spirit is shown. Let us one and all resolve to do our best for the school. We shall reap the reward. Athletics develops our bodies and debating makes us ready, fluent speakers, able to hold our own in the world.

We desire to express our appreciation of those business men who have assisted us by advertising in the Annual. When in need of anything give them your patronage.

School Prophecy

My Uncle Jack, who had made a fortune in Brentwood real estate, gave me a big bank account, telling me to do as I pleased with it. History and English as taught in Liberty had given me a desire to travel, so I decided to take a trip around the world. I asked Miss Jessie Johnson, a great operatic star at home and abroad, to accompany me, as she was resting for a long hard season.

We left San Francisco January 5, 1925 on the steamer "Queen" for Tokio, Japan. The ocean voyage was delightful. We had been on board only a day when whom should we run across but Morgan Schroder, a graduate of 1911. He was going to Japan as a diplomatic agent for our government. We were glad to see Morgan and at dinner that evening he introduced us to his wife, a very charming lady. Morgan informed us he had just parted from our old friend Dewitt Richardson who was captain of the Stanford football team and quite a hero.

Morgan also told us that Minnie Sheddick and Elaine Wallace were successful missionaries in China and were doing good work. Upon reaching our destination we were walking down one of the principal streets of Tokio when we saw this sign, "V. Prince, Barrister." So our merry graduate of L. U. H. S. was a lawyer in Japan. We went in and Van immediately recognized us. We chatted with him for a while when his stenographer came into his office. We looked at her for an instant and then saw that she was May Pemberton. May was shy as usual and blushed very much when Van mentioned a certain name, which I have now forgotten. Then Van told us that May was soon to marry a dashing soldier of the U. S. Army.

The next day we journeyed toward Constantinople, the city of Mosques. There the first person we met when leaving the train was Susie Dickenson. But how changed from the little Freshman of Liberty! She had grown tall and dignified. Upon inquiring what she was doing she told us she was a seeker of relics. (Susie always liked antique things.) Susie told us that Ray Goodwin was now a great artist. He painted portraits of many of the rulers of Europe. As he was at Paris we decided to see him on our way home. Susie also informed us that John Parachine was Pope at Rome. John always had indications of greatness about him.

After spending some days in Constantinople we left for St. Petersburg, Russia. We had heard that Eugene McCarty was demonstrating a new aeroplane which was a great improvement over all others. We decided we must see Eugene's flight.

The time arrived for the ascension and the place was crowded. Just as we were going to a more quiet place, I heard a voice near me say "Hello, Olive how are you? Did you come to see the flying machine exhibit?" I turned and there was Marguerite Geddes, the sweet girl graduate of 1911. We shook hands and then she introduced her husband who was a great Socialist leader in Congress.

Eugene made a grand flight and then later came and shook hands with us. He told us that Stanley Cabral and Ferdinand Hoffman had a large garage at Brentwood. Adeline Noia was teaching French in the new Liberty Union High School. We left St. Petersburg and stopped at Berlin where we passed some happy days. Next we went to Paris. Ray was found and we had many chats of Liberty times, while he painted us. We learned from Ray that Byron Swift and Leland Brendt were managers of two great operas.

One day as I was coming out of one of the millinery shops of Paris I saw a young man who looked familiar. He had a beautiful young lady on his arm, whom I did not know. Coming nearer, I saw it was Judson Swift. He had just married a southern belle of New Orleans, whom he introduced and said they were on their honeymoon. Judson told me that Albert was in Alaska hunting gold and had made quite a fortune. He said Albert thought some of the Esquimo girls were very beautiful. Esther Dainty and Grace Paradine, he said, were women suffrage leaders in New York and were winning many honors. Edith Cakebread was secretary to the Governor of Utah.

Leaving the continent we sailed across the English Channel and reached London. We liked London very well and hearing there was to be a race we went to the track. It was a beautiful sight to see the horses and their riders go flying past. A very good rider who won, was a familiar figure, but I could not think who it was until I heard this exclamation, "That was a fine race, Frank, don't you know." Could this be Frank Helm our modest Senior of 1911? Yes it was. He recognized us and came over and talked. He told us an English Lord had taken a fancy to him and was going to leave him all his property. Lucky Frank!

Frank told us that Richard Wallace was Professor of Engineering at Yale and that Harold Collis and Everett Lemoine were running a large Sugar Refining Plant in Colorado. They were doing well and were quite happy as bachelors though I don't know how long they will remain so.

Sailing from Liverpool we reached New York in a few days and were glad to return to our native land.

One day as I was stepping into an automobile my handkerchief went flying away with the wind. A handsome young man rescued it and as he handed it back I saw it was Harry Hobbs. Harry was a multi-millionaire and lived in New York. I asked him if he was living alone and as he began to blush I forbore questioning him. Just then a girl came across the street who said, "Why, Harry Hobbs, who ever dreamed of seeing you here." It was no other than Aileen Porter, who was head bookkeeper in a large Chicago firm. Aileen told me that Myra Pearce and Katie Murphy were owners of a young Ladies' Seminary in Philadelphia which I visited later. Retta Green was a missionary in the East Indies and liked her work very much. Aileen also said that Mary Parenti had just won a famous debate in Congress. (We all remember what a good debater Mary was.)

Leaving Philadelphia in our car we drove to Denver, Colorado. In

this city we saw a large hospital very beautifully situated. We were told that Miss Vivian Dyche owned it and so we decided to pay her a visit. She knew us immediately and we found her to be the same jolly girl as of old. She had Eva Davis as assistant and said they got along finely.

We left Denver and decided to stop no more till Brentwood was reached. I had not seen it for quite a few years. But could this large city be the Little Brentwood of 1911? The place was greatly improved. I met all my old friends who lived there. They told us that Justin Dyche was now a minister of foreign affairs to Brazil. Henry Plumley was coach of the Football Team of the new Liberty Union High School.

We spent some happy days in Brentwood and then leaving we reached San Francisco on Nov. 3, 1925.

O. G. S. '12.

Will of the Class of May 1911

We, the small and honored class of 1911, of the Liberty Union High School, in the county of Contra Costa and State of California, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare, this our last Will and Testament in manner following, that is to say:

First: We direct that all our debts and funeral expenses be paid by the Student Body Treasurer.

Second: The school, including the Current Events class, we bequeath to our dear faculty with a plea that they will deal gently with it.

Third: The Tennis Court we leave to Eva Davis; the track field to John Parachini and Ferd Hoffman; the bleachers to the Knightsen girls; and all mud balls, and stones suitable for putting out eyes to Henry Plumley.

Fourth: We direct that the sum of five dollars be used in inscribing the names of our class on the lover's stone bench which lies in front of the school under the spreading shade of the gum tree. The work shall be done by Richard Wallace and the bench, so much used by us, shall be dedicated to all future senior "queener."

Fifth: We fondly bequeath to Leland Brendt the furnace room with the request that he serve three cent lunches there.

Sixth: On this last and serious occasion we will to John Parachini Morgan Schroder's peg corduroy trousers, knowing they will fit him perfectly. Schroder's gray suit of clothes and supply of fancy dancing pomps we bestow upon Everett Lemoine, hoping that he will be as careful of them as the senior has been. His supply of steady girl friends we leave to Ferd Hoffman because he seems so lonesome.

Seventh: We do impart to Albert Swift, Frank Helm's good opinion of himself and his supply of pretty neckties we leave to Harold Collis with the request that he wear them as much as possible. His new supply of summer hats we bestow upon Justin Dyche, since the sunshine is spoiling his complexion. His knowledge of Economics we will to Vivian Dyche with

the prayer that she will not have to stay after school as many nights as he did while studying this important subject.

Eighth: We leave a lock of Van Prince's hair and one of his latest photos to all the girls so they will remember him. His extra credits in Civics we will to Myra Pearce, hoping that her laurels will outnumber his. We also leave Prince's training suit, all medals and fame as an athlete to Richard Wallace.

Ninth: We, upon leaving this school of learning, do bequeath Marguerite Geddes' unbounded interest and credits in her studies to Mary Parenti. Her class pin and colors we give to Retta Green. Her ability to make coquettish eyes we hereby bequeath to Eva Davis trusting that she will keep up the good work. To Jessie Johnson we give Marguerite's red sweater knowing it will become her. Her unlimited supply of notes found in the north east corner of her desk, we bequeath to Minnie Sheddrick. Her chariot and horse we leave to Mr. Vivian as he has so far to walk to school.

Tenth: To the Trustees we will the ability and the desire to visit school often, as well as our sincere thanks for their many kindnesses to us in the last four years.

Eleventh: To the town of Brentwood we bequeath our memory—may it ever be green. Lastly, we leave our senior grace and dignity to the Class of May '12.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names on this day of May, the fifteenth, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

MARGUERITE GEDDES,
MORGAN SCHRODER,
VAN PRINCE,
FRANK HELM,
The Shades of.
ZILLA COOK,
Witnesses:
FRANK BONNICKSON,
KATHRINE MURPHY.

M. G. '11.



THE STUDENT BODY

A meeting of the members of the Student Body was held Friday, August 26, 1910, in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of electing officers for the first semester. Mr. Vivian presided and the election proceeded. Those elected were: President, Morgan Schroder; Vice-President, Marguerite Geddes; Treasurer, Frank Helm; Secretary, Olive Siple.

Later in the year the Student Body arranged a reception for the Freshmen, and also a Public Debate.

On Friday, January 13, 1911, another election of the officers for the second semester was held. Those elected were: President, Morgan Schroder; Vice-President, Esther Dalnty; Treasurer, Frank Helm; Secretary, Olive Siple.

Each student gives ten cents a month and this is used for the good of the school. There was a large amount made by the debate and we now have \$48.75 in the treasury.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

Parliamentary Law has been one of the features of Student Body activities during the past year. The object has been to give students the necessary practice in carrying on meetings according to the best parliamentary rules, so that they can assert their rights in any public meeting. Gregg Parliamentary and Roberts Rules of Order have been made the basis of the work. Each pupil is required to occupy the chair. Motions are then made by various members. In this way the student gets practice in coming before the High School and conducting business in the same way as our legislative bodies. The work was entirely new to the students, so that progress was made very slowly. Confidence was lacking. Pupils were timid in standing up and giving expression to their views. By constant effort great results have been achieved. The work will be continued next year. It is hoped that the student body can be resolved into a state senate and carry on its business in accordance with the rules of that chamber.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The High School has been favored with a program every Thursday morning devoted to Current Events. Two main objects are held in view: first, to train students on all the great questions of the day so that they can do their duty as citizens of this country, and, second, to give pupils practice in appearing before an assembly and expressing their thoughts. Pupils are thus made to think on their feet. This is probably the most valuable training that the High School can give to the student. Here again great difficulties had to be overcome. The pupils lacked ability to give expression to their thoughts. Encouraging progress has been made. Greater results are expected next year. Students obtain their informa-

tion on Current Events largely from the most important periodicals of the day. The Review of Reviews, North American and Outlook are regularly received. The weekly Current Events contains a summary of the most important news.

DEBATING.

The pupils of the Liberty Union High School have received much practice in debating this year. Very much the same obstacles had to be surmounted as in the case of Current Events and Parliamentary Law. The students had very little experience in oral expression. They could not stand on their feet before an audience and give voice to their ideas. These deficiencies were supplied through the work in debating. The pupils learn the valuable lesson that most questions have two sides. It is proposed to continue the work so well begun during the coming year. All the tremendous issues which are absorbing the attention of the state and nation are debated.





BASEBALL.

The baseball team of Liberty was very unlucky this year. Most of the stars of last year were gone. Charles O'Hara, Ray Shafer, Arthur Sheddrick, and Frank Bonnickson have either graduated or transferred.

The first game of the season was played on the home diamond the twenty-fourth of September. The rooters were there in force, and helped a lot. During the game DeWitt knocked a scorching grounder through the Concord men, and made home on it. "Skimp" broke his good old "mushroom" bat. Cabral made some star stops on short. But, due perhaps to lack of training, we lost, but only by the narrow margin of one run. The score was nine to eight in Concord's favor.

Game to the end, we treated the Mount Diablo boys to watermelon and cheered them on their return trip.

Later in the season we sent eight untrained men to Martinez to play ball. Lacking a catcher, and finding Ed. Sellars in Martinez, we asked him to do the receiving, and he consented. With his help we went to it, and the score was seven to six in favor of Liberty. Robert Wallace made a spectacular catch in left field when he scrambled up the side of a boulder-covered hill after a long fly, and got it.

The last game we played at Brentwood, Richmond sending a team here. Although we had an untrained team we played good ball, and but for one fatal inning would have won. The score was one which we wanted to forget, and we have.

You see, the loss of both these games was due to lack of training. That was due to lack of school spirit. The editor wishes to impress upon

the minds of all who read these lines, "MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY if you want Liberty to win!" and we want to beg of you to do what you can, and a little more, to get this necessity for the year 1911-1912.

TENNIS AND BASKETBALL.

The new cement tennis court which the School Board so kindly had laid this year to replace that given by the Woman's Improvement Club was used considerably, and some middling good players were developed. The court was also used for basketball and although no games were played outside Brentwood, the girls and some of the boys had some good times there.

TRACK

The Third Annual Track Meet of the Contra Costa Athletic League was held at East Shore Park, Stege, on the second day of April, 1911. In all, fifty men were entered from six high schools of the county, the schools entering men being as follows: Richmond, Martinez (Alhambra), Concord (Mount Diablo), Antioch (Riverview), Crockett (John Swett), and Brentwood (Liberty). The order in regard to number of points won at Stege is: Richmond, Concord, Antioch, Brentwood, Martinez, and Crockett.

On account of the lack of school spirit mentioned above, Liberty could only enter three men, viz.; DeWitt Richardson, Harold Collis, and Justin Dyche. DeWitt was the only one who made any points, his score being as follows: Fifty yard dash, third place, one point; broad jump, second place (twenty feet, nine inches), three points; hundred yard dash, third place, one point; total, five points.



A new record for the mile in the C. C. A. L. was set, two-fifths of a second less than five flat. Collis finished fourth in the mile and did not try the half in which he had also entered. Dyche "also ran" in the mile.

We hope that next year with a larger number of entrants that the cup may be brought back to Liberty, but more school spirit will be necessary before this can be done. As a token of appreciation of their efforts, the entrants of this year were awarded a jersey with a block "L" on the front. We hope that this custom can be continued in the future, as it lends zest to the meet.



SOCIETY

M.P.

Liberty Union High School has been more active in social affairs this year than ever before.

The year's festivities opened with an informal luncheon given by the Liberty girls in honor of the Concord baseball team. Jolly good friendship reigned all day.

The first formal society event was a reception given by the faculty and the three upper classes to the Freshmen on the evening of October seventh. The high school Glee Club sang several songs and readings were given by students. Principal Vivian and Mr. Wallace gave pleasing talks. After the program games were played and later dainty refreshments were served.

On December sixteenth the high school gave a debate. The question was:—Resolved that every state in the U. S. should pass a maximum eight hour law for all employees at manual labor; overtime to be paid twice the regular wages. Constitutional objections waived.

The speakers on the Negative were:—

Richard Wallace
Morgan Schroder.

The debaters on the Affirmative were: . .

Henrietta Gill,
Leland Brendt.

The judges were:—

W. Hoffman of Byron,
W. E. Baen of Oakley,
R. G. Dean of Brentwood.

The judges unanimously decided in favor of the negative.

After the debate, the hall was speedily cleared of chairs, and dancing began. This lasted until early morning when all went home declaring it to have been the best time ever.

On February seventeenth we again entertained formally by giving a social with the aim of making the parents of the students and the faculty better acquainted. The first part of the evening was pleasantly spent playing games. Later many gathered around the piano and sang good old-fashioned songs. Refreshments of coffee and cake were served in the large commercial room.

On March eighth Professor Leotsakos of Athens gave an illustrated lecture in the assembly room on Modern and Ancient Greece. Many friends and patrons of the high school were present.

The date of the Junior Ball had been set for April 7th. Two hundred invitations had been issued and the committee, consisting of Misses Dainty, Johnston, Siple and Murphy, had completed plans for a most successful dance. Coate's Hall had been artistically decorated in the school colors, cardinal and gold. But the best laid schemes of even Juniors oft gang agley. Owing to a slight epidemic of scarlet fever in Oakley the Health Officer of this county deemed it wise to postpone the dance.

The Juniors hope to give their ball on the evening of May 5th and they are confident that the good time will not be lessened by the postponement.

SOPHOMORE CATECHISM.

Ques. What is nothing?

Ans. It is a freshman.

Ques. Is it an animal?

Ans. No; it is lower than the animals.

Ques. Why is it tolerated in high school?

Ans. God made it, so we let it live.

Prof.: "Justin, have you read the first part of your lesson?"

Justin: "No sir."

Prof.: "Have you read the second part?"

Justin: "No sir."

Prof.: "What have you read?"

Justin: "I have red hair."

A Rhyme of the Freshies

The color of the Freshman class,
Is the most refreshing green.
The vegetable of the class,
The cabbage is, I ween.

Above we gaze with envious eyes,
To the heights we turn our looks.
And see the Sophomores so wise
Aporing o'er their books.

We'd rather be a Sophomore,
Than a Junior or Senior een.
For aren't the Sophs the wisest fools
The world has ever seen?

Ray is the good one of the class,
At least so his name does say.
He talks too much to a certain lass
And after school does stay.

Lee goes riding on a horse
On Sunday afternoon.
With whom? Why Retta Green of cours,
And they do sweetly spoon.

So early in the race for learning
Has started our little Mae,
In Mathematics she's discerning,
But in Latin Verbs—oh say!

Eugene did come from Warner town,
To get his brains more skilled,
Instead, 'fore Cupid tumbled down,
With love his heart was filled.

As the sweetest, tend'rest little vine
Can cling to the sturdy oak,
So can our sweet Grace Paradine
Cling to the hearts of folk.

Cute Stanley in his auto comes,
Aflyng o'er the plain,
But when his auto cometh not,
His cuteness it doth wane.

For the king of Spain poor Ferdinand was named
Which greatly swelled his head.
"It would be much better," said Mae the famed,
"If he had his gold instead."

Brave John with bow and arrow slim
Strolled forth like hunter fine.
He shot a human heart to win,
But got a valentine.

The brilliant student of the books,
His first name it is Harry,
By his bashful ways and looks,
We infer he'll never marry.

Out from the sand comes Susie D.,
And with her smiling Mary;
'Tis safely said, tho' sweet they be,
That neither is a fairy.

A contrast to these chernbs dear,
Is our slim demure Aileen;
The exes she does never fear
And in History is keen.

Small Henry strides across the floor,
And dreams that he's a man.
We hope ere we are browned, he'll find,
He's the smallest Freshie in the pan.

Last but not least in my poem meek
Comes Adalena Noia
From across the prairies bare and bleak,
Of myself I'll not annoy you.

-L. V. D.'14.



ALUMNI NOTES

J.S.



CLASS '05.

Edith A. Sellers is now a member of the celebrated Mansfeldt Musical Club of San Francisco. She will play at the Mansfeldt Club Concert to be given in San Francisco, May 10.

CLASS '06.

Anna O'Hara teaches in the Black Diamond Public School.

Fern Cummings is practicing as a trained nurse in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Sellers (nee Pearl E. Grove) resides on the Levee Ranch near Knightsen.

Mrs. Ray Bonnielsen (nee Effie A. Chadwick) is living on a ranch near Byron.

Bertha Sanders is living at her home in Oakland.

Roy Heck is employed by the Dunham, Carrigan, and Hayden Co., of San Francisco.

Mrs. O'Banion (nee Hattie Russel) is residing in Sacramento.

George T. Barkley is Deputy County Clerk at Martinez.

Pern Howard owns a ranch near Brentwood.

CLASS '07.

Alma Allen is living at her home in Escalon.

E. L. O'Hara is attending school in Stockton.

Harold Swift when last heard from was in Panama.

Euna Goodwin is employed as a bookkeeper by the Selby Smelting and Lead Company at Selby.

Mrs. J. A. Jesse (nee Johanna Grueninger) resides in Oakley.

CLASS '08.

Leonard Dainty and Millard Diflin are farming near Brentwood.

Addie Knight is a stenographer for the Carbonic Dioxide Company at Berkeley, California.

CLASS '09.

Edna Heidorn, Iva Bonnickson, Bessie Collis and Edna C. Heck will graduate as teachers from the San Jose Normal in June.

Willie W. Morgans is attending the College of the Pacific at San Jose.

Robert H. Wallace is managing his father's ranch near Brentwood.

CLASS '10.

James M. Barkley is attending the College of the Pacific at San Jose.

Rose C. Miller, who has been attending school in Stockton, was successful in passing the examinations and now holds a teacher's certificate.

Joseph W. Berkley holds a position as Deputy County Auditor at Martinez.

Ray Shater, Charles O'Hara, Claude A. Wristen, Ellis Howard, Arthur Sheddrick, and William Cakebread are employed at their respective homes near Brentwood.

Camille Sresovich is attending the Alameda High School.

Margaret H. White resides at her home near Knightsen.

DeWitt L. Richardson is attending L. U. H. S.

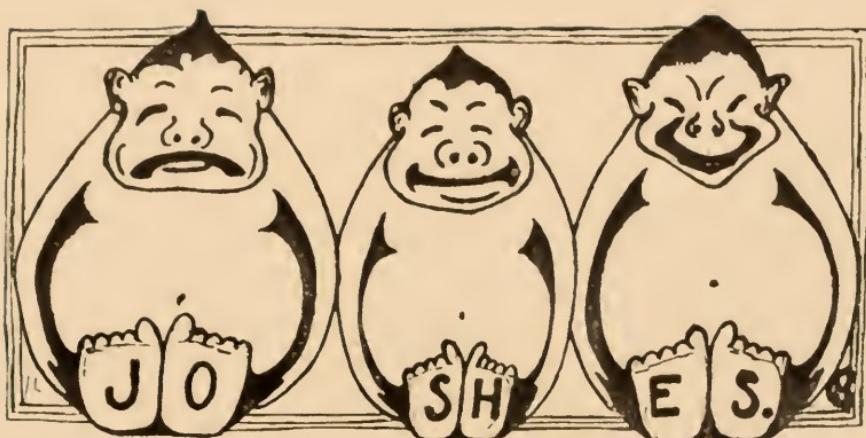
William H. Murphy owns a large ranch near Knightsen.

The Alumni Association has been rather inactive during the past year but it is hoped it will be more active in future years.

SECOND YEAR CLASS.

Edith, whose eyes are so black,
In German is a cracker-jack.
Myra, who always wears a smile,
Writes Latin papers by the pile.
Harold, who is our athlete,
In this county can not be beat.
Everett, with his curls
Is the pet of all the girls.
Albert comes in a one-horse chaise
And very often misses a day.
Justin, who has golden hair,
One moment he can not spare.
Richard, who is so slow but sure,
Finds German hard to endure.
Elaine, so little and so coy,
Does all her work with joy.

—A. E. W. '13



Freshman: "If a fellow has three girls, is it botany or biology?"
Senior: "It's trigonometry."

Elaine W.: "You keep a joint banking account with your wife, don't you?"

Mr. Vivian: "Well, yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out."

Morgan: "You never heard of a man getting into trouble by following a good example."

Frank: "Yes, sir, I have; the counterfeiter."

Vivian D.: "Uncle says you must not call on me any more."

Ferd H.: "Does he know I love you?"

Vivian: "Well, I told him, but he read in the paper somewhere that people who are much together grow to look alike."

Everett L.: "Do you believe there is safety in numbers?"

Stanley: "Most certainly. Whenever I exceed the speed limit, I hang some other fellow's number on the back of my automobile."

Miss McIntyre (suddenly said to an inattentive student): "Who killed King William the Second?"

John Parachini (somewhat startled): "Please ma'am, it wasn't me."

He: "When I go into anything I'm there to stay."

She, stifling a yawn: "Yes, I've noticed that you're no quitter!"

Frank: "Don't you think Van Prince acts as if he belonged to the smart set?"

Morgan: "No, I think he acts as if the smart set belonged to him."

Mary Parenti: "Can I get through this gate?"

Sophomore: "Sure! A load of hay has just gone through."

TO FRANK AND VAN.

Lives there the boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As on his bed shone morning light,
"I wish the school burned down last night."

She couldn't hear Harold's suit because his tie was so loud.

Retta Green is quite attracted by Brendt-wood.

Susie, in English I.: "Was Minerva married?"

Miss McIntyre: "No, of course not. She was the goddess of Wisdom."

Katie: "How it is that you stand so much lower in your studies in January, than in December?"

Katie M.: "Everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, mother."

HIS SAD PLIGHT.

Now woe is me, my chance is slim,
On this, alas! I did notreck,
I can not ring my Jessie's hand—
Her father says he'll wring my neck.

Stanley C.: "That girl is a fine girl."

Frank H.: "What is her creed?"

Stanley C. "From the way she disposed of my suit I should say she is a shaker.

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Prof. V. (in U. S. History): "Frank H. What happened in 1812?"

Frank H.: "How do I know I'm just 18."

TO LELAND BRENDT.

Last night I held a tittle hand,
So dainty and so neat
Methought my heart would burst with joy
So wildly did it beat,
No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring—
Than that I held last night,
Which was four aces and a king.

PERHAPS IT'S MOSTLY HAIR.

"Is your son getting ahead at High School?"

"Yes; a big one."

Leo Brendt: "I love that girl."

Morgan: "I second the emotion."

Harold Collis: "Your hat is on the floor."

Miss Quirk: "Is it on straight?"

IS IT POSSIBLE?

There was a young man from Purth
Who was born on the day of his birth
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And died on his last day on earth.

Mary had a little lamb
It died for lack of breath.
It wagged its little tail so hard,
It spanked itself to death.

Grace had a piece of gum
Which was against the rule
The teacher took it from her,
And chewed it after school.

Miss Twombley: "What is a skeleton?"

Henry Plumbley: "Something with the inside out and the outside off."

Jessie Johnson: "What made Vulcan lame?"

Harry Hobbs: "He slipped on a thunder peal."

Miss Quirk: "Grace, translate 'Rex Ingit.'"

Grace: "The king fled."

Miss Quirk: "No, it is the present tense."

Grace: "The king has fleas."

Frank: "In Russia they never say, 'What's in a name?'"

Myra: "Why not?"

Frank: "It's taken for granted that it is the whole alphabet."

THINGS HEARD IN CURRENT EVENTS

Elaine, and others, addressing the audience on Thursday: "Friends and Faculty."

Miss Quirk: "Frances Willard has done more for the world than any other man."

Harold C.: "They use young men dressed in white suits to ladle the soup."

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A COINCIDENCE.

On the notice of a church near Fresno the following announcement's appeared together:

"A potato pie supper will be held Saturday Evening. Subject for Sunday Evening, "A Night of Agony."

SOMETHING NEW.

Morgan S.: "What will your graduation thesis be?"

Marguerite G.: "Perfectly lovely, I can't walk in it."

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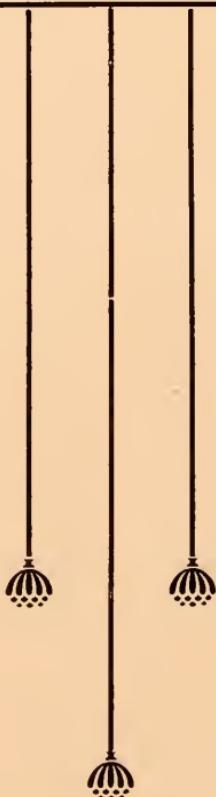
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Miss McIntyre (in Physical Geography): "Judson, what is wind?"
Judson: "Air when it gets in a hurry."

Susie, (conjugating in Latin): "Es—love thou, Este—love ye."

Miss Q.: "Susie, I have told you four or five times that word does not mean love. The thought of love must be uppermost in your mind."

In English: "Do you know Shakespeare well?"

Student: "Go on, you can't fool me. Shakespeare is dead."

Mr. Vivian: "What kind of a goverment did Venice have?" (Aristocracy.)

Minnie S.: "Anarchy."

Frank H.: "Have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me fifty cents?"

Morgan S.: "Yes, certainly I have the confidence, but I haven't the fifty cents."

W. A. Vivian to the students: "When you see any new faces; go right up and shake hands with them."

Retta: "Why does a blush creep up a girl's face?"

Harry H.: "Because if it ran it would kick up too much dust."

"Which is easier to spell, fiddledeedee or fiddledeedum?"

"Fiddledeedee, of course, because it is spelled with more ease."

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The relatives of a travelling man who died in Australia sent the following to the florist: Make the wreath with a wide ribbon and put "Rest in peace" on both sides and if there is room put, "We shall meet in heaven." The new assistant sent the following: "Rest in peace on both sides and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

Miss McIntyre: "What happened to the Seine last year?"

Ray: "It overflowed."

Miss McIntyre: "Yes, it overflowed."

Miss Twombly: "How much dirt is there in a hole five feet by five feet by five feet?"

Richard: "No dirt in the hole!"

Mr. Vivian: "Who was Cecrops?"

Mary: "Cecrops was a Greek myth who went over to Egypt and got some of the civilization of the Egyptians and brought it back."

Mr. Vivian: "How many here are bothered by gophers?"

Professor: "What was the Cloaca Maxima?"

Mary: "It was a bridge that drained the water off of the Forum."

"Oh my!" she said impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of yours!"

"Hours, you should say," Morgan replied rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, Morgan, this is so sudden!"

Lee: "What did your father say, dearest, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river?"

She: "He said, 'Dam it!'"

Justin: "What are you laughing at? Do you see anything funny in this hat?"

Hobbs: "Nothing, except the head."

Helm: "What had I ought to get on this Economics ex?"

Mr. V.: "About thirty days, Frank."

"What you say goes," he softly said

With eyes and heart aflame,

She glanced at the clock and turned her head

Then softly lisped his name. Ex.

In Geometry—

"What is a polygon?"

E. L.: "A dead parrot."

Miss Mac.: "John, your composition is the worst of all. I shall write to your father about it."

John: "I don't care, he wrote it."

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